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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO O'...

I heard the sweet strain of a minstrel's lyre
In soul thrilling numbers arise;
But the hand that so gracefully rove'd o'er the wire,
Was artfully hid from my eyes.

I knew not the hand, but he spoke of the joys
This bosom in days past had known,
When the bright star of friendship serenely arose,
And threw a sweet halo round "HOME."

Oh! "still use the muse my youth's spirit invite,"
Though now be the answering lay;
To thank the kind hand who hid memory's light
Reflect on the friend far away.

New York, August 27, 1825.

LINES.

Dedicated to the memory of M. C. WALKER.
Say, where's the Bard, so oft whose lays,
And purely sang, hath met our praise;
Whose harp, in sweetest strains would tell
How Heroes lived, or nobly fell?

Who sang the dangers of the deep,
Of shatter'd barques upon the waves,
That bids the wretched sailor seek
His refuge in a coral grave?

Say, where's the Bard, whose lyre would pour
Its pensive strains to "JOYS NO MORE"—
Whose chords were swept to thrilling grief,
As he in sweetest numbers brief,
Invoked Heaven's cheering aid,
To shield his wounded breast from care;

That all his sorrow might be hid
Upon his Saviour's bosom there?
Alas! those strains no more we hear—
No more they strike the listening ear;
For gone is he whose virtues claim,
On memory's page, a valued name:

Whose mind with love and feeling fraught,
At pity's shrine had learn'd to bow;
And in every action—thought,
His soul could weep another's woe.

Yes, how he sleeps beneath the wave;
He too has sought a coral grave,
Where many an eternal weed shall grow,
To shroud his youthful form below:
Tho' o'er that form the billows roll,
His gentle spirit sooths its rest,
Where earthly cares no more control,
And Angel life supremely blest.

ELLEN.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

The dew-drops rest on tree and flower,
The sunbeams bright reflecting there—
How glorious those morning skies,
And sweet the fields, and fresh the air.

Come then my soul! exult thou raise,
To him who form'd the earth and skies,
A hymn of worship and of praise,
Offer thy morning sacrifice?

Thou seest the wonders of his love,
The greatness of his majesty—
His handiwork in heaven above,
In the wide earth—in air and sea!

Thou art remember'd—gifts of grace,
And temporal blessings to be thine;
That spirit spread thro' realms of space,
Yet condescends to dwell in mine.

When flowers their incense breathe to heaven,
And birds their praises sweetly sing—
Shall man to whom so much is given,
Not worship him his offering bring?

Forbid it, every grateful tongue—
Again let anthems loudly roll
Where morning stars together sing,
Alto! God dwells where glory burns.

Thou brilliant eye for Seraph's eye
To gaze upon—He will no spurn
His meanest children's feeblest cry!
Thanks be to thee, thou gracious God,
From all thy worshippers below;

Whether we feel thy chastening rod,
Or share thy mercies flowing flood!
All, all is right, which thou ordain'st;
For Justice guides thy forming hand—
All Mercy—for Christ Jesus reigns,
The Saviour of a sinful land.

ROSA.

SONG.

The Isle in the Susquehanna.

Thou know'st where the wide Susquehanna
Dwells—
Thou'st seen it when Eve in her glory was glowing,
And bright o'er its bosom her splendour was throwing;

O! say, wilt thou fly to that sweet stream with me, Mary?
A "sweet little island" from the bright wave arises,
As lovely and lone as the moon in the skies is;
A sweet spot for him who this cold world despises:
O! come—there a hermit I'd fain be with thee, Mary!

On high, o'er that green isle, the birch-trees are
swinging;
And verdure and flow'rs, "neath their shadows, are
springing.

While high in the branches, the red-bird is singing:
O! come—and he'll warble a welcome to thee, Mary!

And, near there, the bright water lilies are bloom-
ing;
And, when the fair landscape Eve's shadow are
glowing,

Their breath is with fragrance the night breeze
perfuming;
As lullaby life would be pass'd there with
thee, Mary!

The red-bird and robin, with wild-warbled warning,
Should wake us, while yet the bright gems of the
morning

glimmer on flow'rs, and the birch-trees
are
glowing;
Then no south-sea isle bright as our own would
be, Mary!

When faint in the westward the day was decaying,
I'd row our light skiff—o'er the bright billows
straying—
While thou wouldst sing sweetly—thy sweet song
delaying—
Eve's breezes should linger and listen to thee,
Mary!

O! long have I sought, in life's swift-sweeping
river,
Some isle to retire to—from bustle to sever!
And, oh! if such thoughts thro' thy mind have
passed ever,
Susquehanna's sweet isle will be such with thee,
Mary!

L. L.

THE BOSTON BARD.

Where, tell me where's the BOSTON BARD—
Say, is his soul at rest?
Or does he rove as erst he rove'd,
With want and care oppress'd?

Or sets he in the splendid hall,
Where festive mirth presides?
Or dwells he 'neath the humble roof,
Where penury resides?

Say, doth he plough the raging main
In quest of foreign aid?
If so—my country ever mourn,
For native worth is fled!

Where is the harp that nature gave
To him in childhood's day?
That harp which gave to him a name
That thought can take away?

Alas! I fear that harp's unstrung,
And moulders in decay—
Its minstrel through the world unblest,
Unheeded, wends his way!

RUGGINS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CALAMITIES OF LITERARY MEN.

There is a disposition in some men to cloud
the merits of their superiors, and effect their
destruction by artifice, when they cannot ac-
complish it by the strength of their own
minds. In the records of literature we find
it revealed in all its forms. Here we shall
perceive that some of the greatest advance-
ments to knowledge, were made by men who
experienced the most rancorous enmity; not
by those who have relied on the downy
beds of affluence, or the proud votaries of
fashion. A man determined to be great in
whatever branch of science he attempts, must
expect to find many competitors—competi-
tors who will spy out his weaknesses and
show them to the world. Not only will they
ridicule his actual faults, but accuse him of
those that he never had. If agreeableness
and pleasantness are the characteristics of
his mind, they are construed into a desire of
applause and popularity, and if he is reserved
and phlegmatic he is called proud and
haughty.

The first resort in inveighing against men
of worth and talent, is to their public senti-
ments. In scrutinizing their works, their
enemies do not candidly compare their faults
with their excellencies, but expose their
errors in the most exaggerated description, and
condemn the whole on account of the defi-
ciency of the part. The least deviation from
the rules of morality is decry'd by them in
the most doleful strains; a true caricature of
the most passions of the heart is triumphant-
ly adduced as proof of the author's intemper-
ance, and in short, every accusation is
brought forward which is tinged by even a
plausibility of truth. A politician, in promot-
ing his views, is charged with a desire to ac-
quiesce his adherents, or encourage the self-
ish interests of a party. A historian is cen-
sured by those from whom he differs, as the
subject of partiality and the dupe of prej-
udice.

But these are comparatively weak means
which have been made subservient to the
overthrow of men of genius; a more success-
ful attack is often made against their private
character. It is strange that the published
opinions of a man, if founded upon reason,
should be affected by his private conduct;
that the currency of his writings should be
dependent upon the nature of those traits of
his mind, which are developed among his
friends, yet that such is the fact, is confirmed
by daily experience. Want of fortune is of-
ten objected by the opposers of literary emi-
nence, to debar it from its due honors; yet
these very persons who set up wealth as a
criterion, use their mightiest endeavors to
hinder their enemy from obtaining these very
means which they pretend should give reputa-
tion and honor. Some supposing the
worth of the mind to be effected by the con-
dition of the body, have refused the respect
due to greatness, on account of ignobility of
birth. Others seizing upon those weakness-
es or deformities, which are inherent in the
nature of some, ridicule their possessor for a
form which the God of nature has given him.
To effect the destruction of fame, they enter
the home which is consecrated to the most
endearing affection, and tamely laugh at fami-
ly misfortunes, and call them the righteous
judgments of heaven; to effect this they en-
ter their own hearts, and in the most uncan-
died manner, assign their black motives as a
prime regulator of the actions of others. To
effect this they seize upon unguarded expres-
sions with the keenest avidity, enlarge won-
derfully upon faults, but keep back the palat-
ing circumstances attending them; to ef-
fect this they stigmatize character by exhib-
iting the connexions to which nature and un-
avoidable circumstances have made him relat-
ive, and drag forth the errors of thoughtless
youth, to condemn the wisdom of matured
manhood. Not contented with going thus
far, the enemies of a man of talents, if they
can find a similarity between his opinions and
those of another, charge him with slavish imi-
tation. And often do they prosecute their
inveterate hatred to such an extent, that they
impute his greatness to plagiarism. "This
is the unkindest cut of all," for when an au-
thor has toiled days and sleepless nights to
twine the laurel of immortality around his
brow, to be told that he is immortalized by
other hands, plants a heart-tearing dagger in
his bosom.

But what has been the effect of this appal-
ling array against intellectual greatness? It
has given a more extensive range to science,
and multiplied those works which are the
subjects of our admiration; opposition has
spurred men to exert their greatest pow-
ers, and driven them back to their own in-
vention, in order to combat that of their ad-
versaries. Some of the sweetest strains of
poetry in our language, were uttered when
their author was in a situation to which he
was reduced by enmity and malice. When a

powerful combination is formed against literary
eminence, and there is thrown out
against it the most liberal accusation, and
when the character of its possessor is con-
stantly brought before the public, the com-
munity is anxious in enquiring of the merit of
this person who is so conspicuous as to be
fastened upon by the serpent eye of revenge
and persecution, although the faults of his
life in the hands of his adversaries, were the
only means of hoisting him up to the notice
of his countrymen, and of bringing him to
the view of the people, yet the curiosity that
is an innate principle of our nature will cause
men to search for the different circumstances
of his history, and do justice to his merits.

Thus we see that a coalition against literary
fame often contravenes its own designs, and
raises a person as much higher as it intend-
ed to sink him lower than mediocrity. Were
it not for the resistance which they have ex-
perienced many renowned men would have
been unknown, and dwelt forever in obscuri-
ty. Exalted talents are irreplicable; they
must rise, they cannot fall. When the ene-
mies to a candidate for fame have succeeded in
heaping obloquy upon his name, and fetter-
ing down his struggling ambition, then, in
the bursting aspirations of their triumph, they
cry "it is finished," but the elasticity of his
genius throws off the mountainous weight
which is upon him, and he rises in the origi-
nality of his greatness, while the ruin of his
antagonists proves the irresistible energy of
his mind.

QUINTUS.

PICTURED ROCKS.

In the territory of Michigan, on the south-
ern shore of Lake Superior, is a series of
rocks rising perpendicularly out of water, to
the height in some places of 3000 feet. They
commence about an hundred miles west of
Point Aux Pins, and from the shore of the
lake for a distance of 12 or 13 miles. The
rocks are limestone, and the action of the
waves has worn them into the most grotesque
forms, which suggested the appropriate name
of Pictured Rocks. The following description
of them is given by Governor Cass.

"It requires (says he) little aid from the
imagination to discover in them the castellated
tower, the lofty dome, spires, and pinnacles,
of the most sublime, grotesque and fantastical
shapes which the genius of architecture has ever
invented. These cliffs are one unbroken mass
of rocks rising to an elevation of 300 feet
above the level of the coast for 15 miles—
The voyager never sees this coast except
from the most profound calm; and the Indians,
before they make the attempt, offer their ac-
customed oblations to propitiate the favor of
their Manitou. The eye instinctively
scarcely along this eternal rampart for a single
place of security, but the search is in vain.
With an impassable barrier of rock on one
side and an interminable expanse of water on
the other, a sudden storm upon the lake
would as inevitably insure destruction to the
passenger in the frail canoe as if he were on
the brink of the cataract of Niagara. The
rock itself is a sand-stone, which is disintegrated
by the continual action of the water, with
comparative facility. There are no broken
masses upon which the eye can rest and find
relief. The lake is so deep that these
masses, as they are torn from the precipice,
are concealed beneath its waters until they
are reduced to sand. The action of the
waves has undermined every projecting point,
and there the immense precipice rests upon
rocks, and the foundation is intersected by
caverns extending in every direction. When
we passed this mighty fabric of nature, the
wind was still, and the lake calm. But even
the slightest motion of the waves, which in the
most profound calm agitates these internal
seas, swept through the deep caverns with the
noise of distant thunder, and died upon the
ear as it rolled forward in the dark recesses
inaccessible to human observations. No
sound more melancholy or more awful, ever
vibrated upon human nerves. It has left an
impression which neither time nor distance
can efface. Resting in the frail bark canoe
upon the limpid waters of the lake, we seem-
ed almost suspended in the air, so pellucid is
the element upon which we floated. In gazing
upon the towering battlements which im-
peached over us, and from which the smallest
fragment would have destroyed us, we felt,
and felt intensely, our own insignificance.
No situation can be imagined more humbling to
the pride of man. We appeared like a speck
upon the face of creation. Our whole party,
Indians, voyagers, soldiers, officers and sec-
retaries, contemplated in our confusion the
awful display of creative power, at whose
base we hung; and no sound broke upon the
ear to interrupt the ceaseless roaring of the
waters. No splendid cathedral, no temple
built with human hands, no pomp of worship
could ever impress the spectator with such
deep humility, and so strong a conviction of
the immense distance between him and the
Almighty Architect. The writer of this article
has viewed the falls of Niagara, and the
passage of the Potomac through the "blue
ridge," two of the most stupendous objects
in the natural features of our country; the
impression they produce is feeble and transi-
ent, when compared with the "Pictured
Rocks" of Lake Superior."

COLLECTANEA.

AFFECTING STORY.

Some time ago a young man took up his
residence in a Scottish village, much cele-
brated for its delightful situation and mineral
waters. During his stay he succeeded in
gaining the affections of a very amiable young
girl, daughter of the person with whom he
lodged. He told her he was a younger
branch of a most respectable family in the
north of Scotland, and that owing to some
domestic misfortune, he was then in a kind
of exile from his father's house. By this re-
presentation he had the address to draw
money, to a considerable amount, from the af-
fectionate and trusting girl. At length, pre-
tending business, he took leave, solemnly
pledging to return in a few weeks, and make
her his wife. About three months after his
departure, a letter was delivered to her, dat-
ed from a jail in the south of Scotland. It
proved to be from her lover, and stated that
a short time after leaving her, he had from
necessity, contracted a debt, and had been
thrown into prison. At the same time
entreating her, as she valued his regard, to
relieve him from a situation so unworthy—
The faithful girl, listening only to the dic-
tates of her love, set off immediately, with all
the money she could procure, to give him
liberty. In an inclement season—through-
out a country with which she was unacquainted—
she at length reached the place of her desti-
nation. With slow and feeble steps she pro-
ceeded upwards in the principal street, but
found it impossible to advance, owing to the
immense crowd of people gathered to witness

the punishment of a criminal. She stopped on
the stairs leading to a shop, and involuntarily
turning her eyes upon the poor wretch writh-
ing under the lash of the executioner, beheld
the object of her tender solicitude. A large
placard was placed upon his breast, intimat-
ing that his punishment was for the crime of
theft. In a state of insensibility she sank into
the arms of one of the by-standers. Reason
never again dawned on her darkened mind,
and, at this moment, she is to be seen wan-
dering in her native village an affecting in-
stance of the basest villainy, triumphing over
unsuspecting innocence.

CONJURING BOX.

The following amusing instance of the gen-
eral ignorance of the Turks, with respect to
the European arts, is related in a tour through
Greece—The Disdar of Athens was very rap-
acious in his demands, for leave to copy in-
scriptions, &c. "Alas! experiencing numer-
ous vexations from this mercenary Turk,"
(says the author) a ridiculous circumstance
at last released us from his importunities. I
was one day engaged in sketching the Par-
thenon with the aid of a camera obscura,
when the Disdar, whose surprise was excited
by the novelty of the sight, asked, with much
inquietude, "what new conjuration I was per-
forming with that extraordinary machine?" I
endeavored to explain it, by putting in a clean
sheet of paper, and making him look into the
instrument—but he no sooner saw the temple
instantaneously reflected on the paper, in all
its lines and colours, than he imagined that I
had produced the effect by some magical pro-
cess; his astonishment appeared mingled with
alarm, and striking his high black beard, he
repeated the words "Allah Mesh-Allah," (a
term of admiration meaning that which is
made by God,) several times. He again look-
ed into the camera obscura, with a kind of
cautious diffidence, and at that moment, some
of his soldiers happening to pass before the
mirror, were beheld by the astonished Disdar
walking on the paper; he now became out-
raged, and told me that if I chose, I might
take away the temple and all the stones in
the city, but that he would never permit
me to convert his soldiers into my boys. He
then retired visibly alarmed, and ever after,
when he saw me even approach the Acropolis,
he carefully avoided me, and never gave me
any further molestation.

The King of Ashantee, besides command-
ing a population above 1,000,000 of subjects,
and an army of 40,000 or 50,000 men, who
fight well, and have scientific notions of war,
and are admirably disciplined and equipped,
is a barbarian who, like the Czar Peter, as-
pires to the rivalry of the more polished ro-
yal brothers in the luxury and magnificence of
his domicile.

"When the last mission was at Comassie,
the king was busily engaged in erecting a
palace in the European style, destined, con-
sequently, to eclipse every thing yet seen in
western Africa. His account of it to Mr.
Dupuis, shows evidently the working of the
impulses above alluded to. "Do you know,"
he said, "the king has just sent for you? that
building you see is to be made very grand."
The inside shall be gold, ivory and brass pan-
nel; so you must tell my great master I do it
for his sake, that the people may know it was
a great day when I saw your face, and that all
the white countries may know that I am a
great king here. Now white men know me,
I must live in a great house as white kings,
then I shall not be ashamed when white peo-
ple come." He had procured workmen from
El Mina, under whose direction his own sub-
jects laboured, but in so awkward a manner as
to excite the ridicule of the monarch himself,
who exclaimed, "Ashantee fools at work!"
They made up, however, in numbers, what
was wanting in skill, and suggested to Mr.
Dupuis the singular image of "a legion of de-
mons attempting in mockery a Babel of mod-
ern invention." On another occasion the
king's views were still more fully expressed
by saying, "I must have every thing suitable,
and live like a white king."

CATCHING DUCKS.

Buffon, in his natural history, relates the
following, as a mode by which the Chinese
catch Ducks:

The Duck catcher ascends a place, in a
small lake or still creek, where a flock is in
the habit of swimming apparently for amuse-
ment, an hour or two each day. In this place
he sets aloft several calabashes, or gourds,
the company of which on their first return
the ducks do not seem to relish; but seeing
no harm done, their shyness gradually wears
off, and at length they swim among the cala-
bashes with perfect unconcern. When this
degree of familiarity is attained, the duck
catcher puts a large calabash over his head,
with holes for his eyes, and wades gently
into the water, with his head only above the
surface, till he finds himself in the midst of
the ducks, when he seizes them, and contin-
ues to draw them under water by the legs,
till he can secure no more to the girdle fast-
ened for the purpose around his waist. The
next day he resorts again to the same strat-
agem, with a similar success.

There is not any thing that cuts our friend-
ship sooner than concealed grudges. Though
reason at first produces opinion, yet opinion
after seduces reason. Conceits of unkind-
ness, harbored and believed, will work even
a steady love to hatred. And therefore re-
served dispositions, as they are the best keep-
ers of secrets, so they are the worst increas-
ers of love. Between friends it cannot be
but discourtesies will appear, though not in-
tended by a willing soul, yet so taken by a
wrong suspect, why I smothered in silence,
increase daily to great distaste, but revealed
once in a friendly manner, oft meet with that
satisfaction, which doth in disclosure banish
them.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

It is no usual thing to draw a comparison
between ladies of the present day and those
who lived a century ago; but if we go back
to the time of Anna Buley, the contrast
presents what appears almost a burlesque.
At that time very few ladies went to court;
the great officers of state left their spouses
at home, to entertain their sporting neigh-
bours. Madam was then delighted to have
a snug party dance in the parlour, with the
squire and his lady, the parson of the parish
and his spouse, and, perhaps, the butcher and
a couple of chairs, to make up the set. She
always rose at 5 o'clock to see breakfast serv-
ed in the great hall; breakfast was then a
principal family meal, mistress, maids, and
servants all feasted in the same room, not
omitting regularly to relate their dreams of
the preceding night. The men after break-
fast went to the cellar to drink; the lady to
her poultry and dairy, and the young ladies

to their usual occupations of making their
clothes and stockings, weaving and knitting
not being then known. At 12 they dined in
a room neatly strewn with rushes. At 6
they supped; this was their greatest enter-
tainment. Then they amused themselves
with tales and sports until 8, and were all in
bed before 9. Compare this life with a mod-
ern lady of fashion.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. LOVE AND THE BLACKSMITH.

Founded on a circumstance of actual occurrence.
In the year 1798, a religious society, which
was located near the banks of the Connecti-
cut river, was the scene of an amusing adven-
ture which created no little disturbance among
its members, particularly as the all-conquer-
ing art of love, except that of brotherly love,
was at variance with their views. Of religious
subjects, and the blessings of wedlock and
the felicity which sometimes accompanies the
marriage state, was not only strangers among
them, but so far considered among the sin-
ful and forbidden things of this probationary
life, that its utter prohibition from among
them is inserted as one of the fundamental
articles of their profession, and essentially
necessary to all such as would keep them-
selves pure and unspotted from the world,
and obtain admittance to that state which
"none are married or given in marriage."
A singular prohibition considering the high
source from whence the ceremony itself is
said to have been derived. But we are not
about entering on a disquisition pro or con
of so delicate a subject, particularly since it has
been one on which the wise legislators of our
land have attempted to exercise their judg-
ments, and so far from joining issue with
those who decide marriage to be a sin, and
unbecoming a religious people, and proper
to be expunged from the face of the earth
and the habitation of men, they would
adopt a contrary policy, and put in requisition
the iron arm of the law, to compel its
performance. They may succeed, in making
men happy, whether they will or no, though
it may seem a curious kind of compulsion,
and one certainly of modern origin. Be that
however, as it may, the subjects of our pre-
sent story, and a true one it is, for the writer
but gives the account as received from Joseph
—, whose agency in this affair, as will be
seen, was of no little moment, clearly prove
that the tender affections will not always be
under subjection even to the force of bigotry,
and the powerful prejudices which "precept
and example," as we have seen, have impos-
ed upon the minds of men, to create, but that
the insinuating power of love will find its way
among creeds and professions, however odd
and austere, and fly on rosy wings wherever
bright eyes may shed their beams, or the taper
finger of beauty beckon. Ephraim and
Elizabeth were both members of the society,
though the former was but twenty three, and
the latter seventeen, they had been brought
up in the strict performance of every reli-
gious duty; and debarred by their situations,
and the reserved habits which long precise-
tude had made in them a sacred nature, from in-
tercourse with the world, they were entirely
ignorant of its customs and alike strangers to
its gay fashions and follies. They had never
heard of marriage or matrimony, and perhaps
the very terms were unknown to them; cer-
tain it is they knew nothing of its origin or
design, for how should they learn, when
books and papers, rarely introduced among
them, and if at all, selected with that care
which their elders knew so well how to ex-
ercise.

They were playmates in infancy, and grew
up together as brother and sister. As they
grew older they were seen less together, and
sometimes would not meet for weeks, except
by accident, or at the meeting house, where
they always assembled on sabbaths to perform
the singular ceremonies of the society, which
have created among the thoughtless world, so
much amusement and derision, and among
the grave and thinking, no inconsiderable
portion of reflecting sorrow. These separa-
tions, however, were of no material benefit to
the calmer and quiet thoughts of our two
young friends. They seldom, on these occa-
sions, parted without experiencing some emo-
tions which they had not particularly noticed
before, the nature of which was not exactly
defined to their understandings; certain it
was, they began to feel, if they did not permit
themselves to believe it to be something dif-
ferent from that which their religious devo-
tism had heretofore created.

This was, of course, by no means surpris-
ing; Elizabeth, with the glow of youth and perfect
innocence beaming from her mild blue eyes,
and possessing, besides, the delicate fair com-
plexion which was enriched by the contrasted
cheeks and lips, deeply dyed with the rose-
hue of health, a mild azure brow shaded by
thick locks of dark auburn, parted in glossy
smoothness from a snowy and finely formed
forehead; these added to a form, something
too short but full of grace and symmetry, and
adorned with the utmost neatness and simpli-
city, gave her an appearance interesting and
calculated to make an impression on the ob-
server at once striking and captivating. It
was not then very surprising that the friend
of her youth should feel all the partiality of a
brother towards her, and as much of an unde-
fined feeling of increasing fondness and es-
teem as the "precept and example" of his
piously persevering teachers would permit
the indulgence of—how much more, we will
not now stop to enquire, certain as we are
that the excess, if such there was, met and
mingled with a deep fountain of thought,
pure, sweet and glowing, as the bright stars
above them, to which now, though they knew
not why, many a glancing and sleepless eye
was raised, with the fondness and fervor of
deep and unquenchable affection as ever
lived in the brightest visions of worldly ro-
mance. But we must proceed with our plain
"unvarnished tale," and view Ephraim in his
shop, surrounded with eagle eyed watchmen,
who considered it particularly at this period
of life, necessary to keep up their spirit of
cold philosophy, lest the rebellious spirit of
the flesh should rise in rebellion against "ex-
ample and precept," which they were care-
ful to accompany with seasonable exhortation
and prayer. It would not answer, however,
and Ephraim, though he began to think more
of sabbaths and accidental meetings than for-
merly, had less of the law and the gospel in
his head, than of love in his heart—Elizabeth
was the empress of his thoughts. But of
what avail was this to him—he scarce knew
the cause of his uneasiness, or why his heart
throbb'd so wildly when she was near, or why
the red blush which would ever suffuse her
cheek when her blue languishing eye caught
his, should impart so warm a glow to his own.
Surprising as it may appear, months had now
passed away, and looks were the only lan-
guage which had passed between them—for

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding a square,
inserted three times for \$1—larger notices
portion—a liberal deduction made to subscribers.

the guarded intercourse which subsisted be-
tween the different sexes of the society, pre-
vented their ever being together, except in the
presence of some one or more of their
elder and more sober brethren; but the flame
of affection had been kindled in the silent
recesses of their bosoms, and it was now fed
with deep meaning glances and sighs breath-
ed in silence and solitude—but this was a
state of feeling which could not long con-
tinue, and it already began to exercise its
excess upon the system with some severity—
the passion which hath no vent will feed upon
itself—Ephraim grew melancholy and thought-
ful. The hammer fell strangely upon the an-
vil, at least so thought his fellow-workmen,
who would sometimes pause to look at his un-
usual behaviour, and remark the paleness and
change which his whole countenance and
particularly his fine manly forehead had so
sensibly undergone; decay seemed stealing
over his frame, and he himself, as he paced
to and fro before his fire with folded arms,
and eyes deeply fixed in pensive thought,
would sometimes start from his accustomed
reverie, and ask himself the cause which had
worked and was working within so weak and
melancholy a creature.

(To be concluded next week.)

M. OWEN.

The Constitution of the Preliminary Society of the
Harmory, April 28th, 1825.

The Society is organized generally to pro-
mote the happiness of the World.

This Preliminary Society is particularly
formed to improve the character and condi-
tion of its own Members, and to prepare them
to become associates in independent Com-
munities, having common property.

The sole object of these Communities will
be to procure for all their Members the great-
est amount of happiness, to secure it to them,
and to transmit it to their children to the
latest posterity.

Persons of all ages and descriptions exclu-
sive of persons of color, may become Mem-
bers of the Preliminary Society.

Persons of color may be received as help-
ers to the Society, if necessary; or if it be
found useful, they may be selected them to
become associates in Communities in Africa;
or in some other part of this country.

The Members of the Preliminary Society
are all of the same rank, no artificial inequal-
ity being acknowledged, precedence to be
given only to age and experience, and to
those who may be chosen to offices of trust
and utility.

THE COMMITTEE.

As the Proprietor of the Settlement

